

Nine Sexy Stories

by

Roscoe Forthright

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Paint a Pentacle on My Cockhead

He said to me: "Use your water-proof eyeliner, paint a pentacle on the swollen mushroom of my cockhead."

"Why do you want me to do that?"

"We need to perform a magic ritual, to draw] up Demon Azazel, who was cast down in the desert, buried with hurled and pointed stones, and covered in Darkness, after he led the rebellious angel army, the Watchers of Heaven, and his mighty angels fucked the pretty Ethiopian girls as in the Book of Enoch, after the girls gave birth to a race of giants. All this, we need again. We need giants instead of men."

"What the hell are you talking about?" I said.

He said: "I am talking about our current puny and pathetic world leaders, who wring their little hands, and push people around, and accomplish nothing good at all. You and I will perform a sex ritual, raise up Azazel, and the Angels will return to fuck human females of all nations. And we will then have some worthwhile world leaders."

"I am all for fucking," I said, "But I have no idea what drugs you have ingested."

He stroked his cock up full. And I painted a small pentacle on his cockhead. He has put his mouth to my pussy, licking and sucking my pussy lips as I squeeze and stroke his long, thick cock. And I think to myself, "What the hell was all of that, about the Book of Enoch, and the Watchers of Heaven, and Angels fornicating with pretty Ethiopian girls to give birth to Giants?"

I notice our bed is actually the top of a wide stone altar. Four foot red candles burn in the North, South, East and West. Strange curling letters, a mix of Hebrew and Arabic cover the black sheets on which we are fucking. I now have a vibrator made of plated-gold, thrust deep inside me, I am fully aroused, dripping pussy juice onto the black sheets.

And he says to me: "Prepare to receive the sacred semen! Azazel rise up! Rise up and conquer the foul and pathetic rulers of men! Bring forth Giants from the wombs of virgin girls! White girls in Norway, Black girls in Congo, Brown girls in India, skinny Yellow girls in China and South Korea! I gush my semen to bring forth angels to bring forth giants, to bring forth worthwhile and effective rulers of men!"

And after making that remarkable speech, the man gushed semen all over my face. Then, plunged the still hard cock into my pussy, balls deep, and shot five more loads of semen. One for each point of the pentacle.

If you are a boy, spurt come in my mouth

If you are a boy, you truly have no idea what my vagina needs, and barely a clue about what my mind and my imagination need. Since you are poorly informed, I will teach you a thing or two.

To learn this lesson properly, you will need to stroke your cock as you read, as you watch this video. (One-hand scrolling is now standard procedure for millions of boys worldwide.) Yes, I like to imagine your hand, lubed-up, tight around your cock. I enjoy the whole process, watching the little fellow rise up from softness to a glorious, manly, aching erection. If I were with you, I would bring my mouth close to your cockhead, kissing it, licking it as you stroke for me. I love when boys stroke for me. I love knowing I am the cause, the motivation for the physical pleasure, sexual pleasure I can see and enjoy with my own eyes, with my own tongue, and inside my own mouth.

That was lesson one. My mouth is as important as my vagina in getting me excited.

Now imagine my tight cute, puckered little anus. It is scrupulously clean, and smells like apricots, because of the soap I use. Perhaps you have never fucked a girl in the ass, or finger-fucked her in the ass. Not all girls enjoy this procedure, but I sure do!! Fingers and cocks in my ass as good as is gets for physical stimulation!! What I like most is a boy kissing me, teasing my hard nipples with one hand, while his other hand finger-fucks me--- in both my vagina and my asshole. Index and middle fingers in my vagina, and the ring-finger in my asshole. Lubed-up, fast, pounding action!

That was lesson two. My asshole is as important as my vagina for physical stimulation.

Are you still stroking your cock for me? Don't let that little fellow down! We have several more paragraphs before you gush you cream! Now imagine own warm mouths.

My nipples are full, contracted and hard for you, my breasts large and soft brushing your face. You hold me hard nipples in your mouth as you stroke your cock. I squeeze your balls, and moan for you as you suck my nipples. I am sitting in your lap now. I have taken hold of your cock, and guide you inside me, full inside my pussy. Balls deep.

I bounce up and down on you, with my breasts in your hands and my nipples in your mouth. And this is still not enough. I want to drink your cream. Yes! Yes! I want your salty spray on my face, in my mouth and slippery down my throat.

Now you can prepare to come for me. Fill your mind with the image, sight, taste, touch, smell and sound of me, sucking your full cock, sucking your cockhead. My mouth is wide open, I am squeezing your balls as you slap your cock on my eager tongue.

One small drop of cream oozes out in preparation for your full blast of semen.

I am ready. I want you now more than I have ever wanted any man. I want to feel your rush of hot semen in my mouth, on my tongue, on my face. Jack it for me. Jack it off for me, right now! Come, come! Come for me sweetie! I am here for you, slapping my vagina. I am coming for you! I am coming because I know as you read this, as you listen to this you will gush cream and get-off. I will be satisfied knowing I have helped you get off.

Come for me. Over and over again. Watch my videos and come for me.

The history of our sex rituals

Our 57 Lodge locations in the United States are having trouble keeping up the the volume of requests for membership. Over the past three months, interest in *The Sacred Followers of Roscoe Forthright* has skyrocketed, mostly because of our website (this website) and our high-security zoom-like, free sex meet-up platform, *Oneness Two*. *Oneness Two* is also popular outside the U.S, in Canada, Germany, Spain, Turkey, Belgium, U.K. And Norway. Everyone enjoys fucking. Fucking is as popular as ever!!

In most cities, like Denver, Dallas and Chicago, our Lodges keep a low profile. Often we are located in downtown and in residential areas. Downtown Chicago. In Denver the Lodge is near the University of Colorado. In the Dallas area, our Lodge is near the Home Depot in Carrollton. In Zebulon, North Carolina, we are near the Walmart Supercenter. (Our High Priestess, Katana lives in Lizard Lick.) We deliberately do not advertise our presence in any community, because secret orgasmic group sex rituals near Walmart or Home Depot is convenient for our Followers, but needs to remain hush-hush from local city residents. We do not want any trouble coming our way from unimaginative, highly offended self-righteous people.

Having said that, we will respond to messages, inquiries in the order in which they are received. Those of you who have expressed interest in *Oneness2*, will receive passwords and login information, which is all you need to enjoy those national and international hookups. There is no special requirement for internet speed or data capacity. Most any internet connection will do. (I know several people who have had delicious internet sex, sitting in the back of their SUV, behind tinted windows, using the WiFi at McDonald's. Our encryptions are not hindered at all by public WiFi. Your privacy is secure even in that setting.)

I am aware, many people are curious about the details of our sex rituals, the rituals we use for worship and for meditation in our Lodges. I will describe a few of the rituals we use, the ones we have adapted from the Japanese *Utagaki* seems to have its originated in the Kofun period, around the reign of Emperor Kenzo, but it reached its height during the Nara period (710-794 Common Era) Localized variations abounded, though most of them featured the offering of ritual sexual activity to the local gods, allowed on this occasion by the temporal abolishment of social norms of marriage and decorum. *Utagaki* was meant to increase both female fertility and male virility with the blessing of the deities, bringing prosperity to villages and their inhabitants.

We also have created rituals from 1114 Common Era prototypes, in the Tachikawa-ryu School of Tantric Buddhism, rituals inclined towards secret usage of sexual energy as a method to attain spiritual bliss. It appears from the historical record that Tachikawa-ryu was very widely accepted and practiced, and by the middle of the 13th century during the Nanboku-chō period had become a major contender with the orthodox branch of Shingon Buddhism. The sacred text, the *Sutra of Secret Bliss* (circa 1100), the full title of which is *Sutra Proclaiming the Secret Method Enabling a Man and*

a Woman to Experience the Bliss of Buddhahood in this Very Body~
contains the school's general teachings concerning sexuality and its role in reaching enlightenment.

"Sexual intercourse between a man and a woman is the supreme buddha activity. Sex is the source of intense pleasure, the root of creation, necessary for every living being, and a natural act of regeneration. To be united as a man and woman is to be united with Buddha."

We believe the perception of reality, as described over 1000 years ago, by these monks in Japan, is an accurate perception of reality. We are not nearly as exotic as the original rituals. For example, here is an excerpt from the Skull Ritual.

"Then he must have sexual intercourse with the skull and with a beautiful and willing woman, and must repeatedly wipe the liquid product (the mixture of male and female seminal and vaginal secretions) of this act on the skull until it reaches 120 layers. Each night at midnight he must burn "Spirit returning" incense (frankincense), pass the smoke through the eye holes of the skull, and chant a "spirit returning" mantra fully and perfectly one thousand times. "

That sort of thing is far too demanding and exotic for most people in the 21st Century. It may, in fact be a physical impossibility to coat a skull 120 times with semen and vaginal juices. Fucking skulls in any fashion sounds very uncomfortable to me. And I seen no reason to go that far. Having a skull on the altar is good enough for our purposes.

Follower of Roscoe Forthright. A Personal Testimonial.

I am Bill Nordquist. I became a Follower of Roscoe Forthright last weekend. In Zebulon, North Carolina. These are smart and cautious people. Roscoe and two local girls (members of the local Roscoe Forthright Lodge) met me at McLean's Ole Time Cafe at 11am. Friday April 2nd, 2021. The four of us had coffee. Roscoe ordered Meatloaf, a great lunch for \$8.89! And I had Sisco Chicken. With Sawmill gravy! I think the girls had salads.

They wanted to check me out, to make sure I was not some looney-tune bozo, looking for a free fuck.

I said, "Roscoe, I am 32 years old, fairly good-looking, with a good job. And I own my own truck and my own house. I do not need free fucks. I can get those whenever I want them. We have plenty of eager girls in North Carolina." And Roscoe said, "Bill, you are exactly the kind of man we enjoy having in our Lodges. Bat-shit crazy is everywhere. Especially when people find us on the internet, thinking we are a porn site, or a hookers-for-charity outfit."

Both girls thought that was hilarious. But I knew several boys at my work, who clicked onto the RoscoeForthright.com ~~ and sincerely hoped Amber, Rosalee, Bea, Gina and Beth would suck their cocks! They had no interest in anything more than getting their cocks sucked by pretty and willing females. I am sure those boys cheerfully jacked-off, in the privacy of their own homes, watching Beth and her Big Purple dildo.

Roscoe added, "If you want to come to our Lodge in a week or two, we will get you started. You can have an in-person experience of our rituals." Roscoe handed me a small pamphlet to read, and directions to his farmhouse, out near the Walmart.

I went the farmhouse twice before we performed any rituals. Tina and Susie were sitting in the kitchen nude, sipping lemonade while Susie made cheese omelets with toast and strawberry jam. I had gone to high school with Tina, and *DAMN* she was looking fine. She was a skinny little thing back then. Now she's got large, firm breasts, and delicious curves all over! Tina is a more slender girl, equally cheerful beautiful. I think she works at the local city library. Roscoe, Tina, Susie and I spent more time talking. They wanted to make sure I knew what I was getting into.

Tina said, “Billy, we like sex as much as anyone. And we can get-off with whoever we want to get-off with. We chose to use our sexual desire for more than just getting-off. We want to learn something from each orgasm.”

I really have no clue at all what that meant! I do not know what I can learn, each time I burst a load of cum. But, I am certainly willing to give education a try. If I could spend thousands of dollars, and lots of hard work learning things at Wake Technical Community College, I can certainly spend some time naked with two beautiful girls, and a friendly older gentleman ~ learning a thing or two about sex.

I good go into much detail about what happened next. But, as a new Follower, I am not allowed to talk about the details of our sex rituals. Let me just say: Both Tina and Susie sucked me for more than an hour, and I shot creamy wads into the mouths and onto their faces. I think Roscoe was in the next room pumping some girl in the ass. I think her name was Tracy. Another girl I went to high school with.



Forest Ritual

We see a wide-view, a misty forest, firs, cedars, spruce, large maple and black cottonwood trees. Our attention focuses on the silhouette of a grove of giant cedars, towering in the half-lit sky. We hear rustlings, gentle wind in the boughs, crickets, frogs and other early morning forest sounds. Our view narrows, passes between the dark trees like a slow flying bird, to reveal a silent lake. We pause at the shore. A trout jumps, the splash echoes, and rings of concentric circle widen from where the fish had been. We hear the eerie, haunting voice of a loon, quiet at first, then filling the air over the lake, as if some evil will soon occur. A great horned owl, flaps quickly by, startled from high branches. A bullfrog begins to boom, as if at our feet, increasing our sense of dread. The fog over the lake now appears ominous, moving slowly, in thick billows toward the shore. The camera turns, as if running back into the woods, following a deer trail along a narrow gurgling stream. We hear panting, as if the cameraman is terrified, trying to escape some horrible menace. We reach a clearing, where the cameraman stops, leaning on a thick maple tree to catch his breath. We hear him growing calmer. We still here the loon, far off, as background to the loud, gurgling stream. Our view widens to take in the entire clearing. We see lush ferns four to six feet high, bright green moss and orange plate-size mushrooms cling to fallen cedar trees. Suddenly, we hear a strong gust of wind toss the high cedar branches. Two crows start up an angry conversation, raucous accusing each other of some awful social blunder. The argument continues as we peek past a tangle of blackberry vines and milk thistles. The crows grow silent. We hear only a solitary wood thrush some distance away. Under a canopy of fir and cedar trees we see three female witches hooded in green, black and dark brown robes. The robes are open to the waist, revealing firm, pale white breasts. Each woman wears a red leather collar; silver chains dangle down between their breasts. The witches stand around a wide cedar stump, which rises chest-high from the mossy forest floor. The stump has is six feet wide or more, and has been polished to a smooth finish, lacquered in clear varnish. On this high-gloss surface two three-foot high red candle burn to the left and right. This is their altar. This is the place of sacrifice.

The witch in green stands on her tiptoes, lifting herself up to take the High Priest's soft phallus into her mouth. She sucks it slowly, lovingly, clearly enjoying the warm, smooth flesh as it grows large and fills her mouth. Fully erect, the girl can barely get half of the cock into her mouth. She concentrates her attention on the glorious wide cockhead.

The witches in black and brown now spread cedar boughs across the altar, being careful not to knock over the two large red candles.

In the documentary film ~ we see a subtitle: “All three witches ascend the Altar of the Horned-God”

As the girls climb up, they remove their robes. They kneel around the High Priest, ready, expectant. The High Priest is now standing and offers his full erection to the witches. They take turns sucking the Large Sacred Member. When they do not have the cock in their mouths, they kiss and caress his smooth-shaven balls, stroke his firm thighs and fanny. After some time the High Priest claps his hands loudly, the clapping echoes in the silent woods. The witches withdraw from him, and he sits between them, crossed-legged like a yogi. The witches then draw close, two laying their heads in his lap, one laying her head between his feet. The man's cock is still, rigid, fully erect. His cock begins to shimmer and radiate a deep purple light, the cock itself gradually contains this purple color, the flesh-tone altogether gone. The witches feel radiant warm and energy emanating from the purple cock.

They move their faces and mouths close to the pulsing purple cock, their eyes tearful in awe and admiration. Each girl closes one hand around it, as if stacking hands on a warm, glowing purple baseball bat. Now the cockhead vibrates sound, a resonant humming ~ *OOMMMMM*. The cockhead changes color to an azure blue, while the shaft remains deep purple. The Holy Phallus vibrates and throbs as the witches kiss it from all angles. At this moment the High Priest, the tattooed, handsome, muscular and healthy young man appears to be in seizure! His eyes roll up and back in his head. There is an ominous gurgle in his manly throat. His tongue lolls out, as if he has lost control of it. Something is not right. Some inner torment is shaking the young man. His limbs tremble. Not knowing what to do, the three girls in complete dismay, continue to kiss, stroke and suck the throbbing purple cock with the azure cockhead. They desperately hope the seizure will subside and pass. At last, the crisis is over. The High Priest is serene. A smile spreads over his relaxed face. In a voice not his own, a rich tenor voice (not the soft bass voice of the young man) the witches hear the following words: “Remain calm, young ladies. (There is a moment of stunning silence.)

The Voice continues: “The Lord Shiva now commands the body of your High Priest. He is still here, unharmed, watching you and loving you. Your ceremony, intended to summon the pagan god, has summoned me, Lord Shiva, the Destroyer of Worlds. Be not afraid.

There is nothing in your minds or hearts which needs destroying. You are all noble Seekers of Truth. Unintentionally, you have performed the precise rites to bring me into Manifestation. I appear before you, to speak my mind, to speak in plain English, to be easily understood by people of the 21st Century.

The Phallic Rite, sucking and stroking the Cosmic Cock, the sincerity of your intentions ~ even though you be actresses making a movie ~ your powerful sexual desire has brought you exactly what you desired. You should be made aware, I am the pagan Horned-God, and I am also one-hundred-fifty-seven thousands other Gods, on twenty thousand worlds. I span your known Universe. I precede and follow the creation of every planet capable of sustaining intelligent life. I create and I destroy. This is my Cosmic Nature. In the sacred literature of India, in the Vedas, nothing is as sacred, as holy as worshiping my erect phallus or images of my erect phallus.”

The Lord Vishnu laughs ~ “Truly, very few humans get to see my Living Cock in person. Consider yourselves blessed! In the past ten thousand years, only 512 men and women have seen my Living Cock, enjoyed the throbbing purple with the azure cockhead.” The god is silent for a moment. “Only 43 human females have tasted my purple and azure skin, and tasted my lime-orange, sweet-flavored semen.” Lord Shiva smiles warmly.

Lord Shiva continues, “ It is no accident the creative energy and power of the Cosmos is Masculine, and the creative receiver, birth-mother and teacher is Feminine. Both the Sacred Cock and the Sacred Vagina are essential to the swirling of planets and galaxies, to keep everything in its orbit, to send comets as messengers across vast distances. To move the celestial bodies and move human minds , to keep human minds in balance , to move human minds away from methods and forms of self-delusion and self-destruction. I will say clearly: your 20th Century was the most destructive era of human history, and many bad ideas from that century are still in play in the 21st Century. Self-delusion and self-destruction continue because tens of millions of people remain unaware, uneducated to the basic facts of their Cosmic Existence. Leaders of nations are especially arrogant and uninformed. Many seem to enjoy being uninformed, and listen to no one other than themselves.

Lord Shiva continues, “The Cosmos Itself relies on daily interaction between healthy, joyful living cells. When millions are killed for no good reason in wars, or specific acts of violence, the Universe Itself is harmed and diminished.

When a planet such as yours, continues to perpetuate self-destruction, the citizens learning nothing worthwhile at all, over centuries of war and slavery. When millions are killed for no good reason in wars, or specific acts of local violence, the Universe Itself is harmed and diminished. When a planet such as yours, continues to perpetuate self-destruction, the citizens learning nothing worthwhile at all, over centuries of war and slavery.

When millions of people are killed in wars, in specific, deliberate acts of violence or neglect, the Universe Itself is harmed and diminished.

When a planet such as yours continues to perpetuate self-destruction, to perpetuate arrogant, ignorant ideologies for the sake of enslaving people, your world causes damage to the creative and positive energy of your galaxy. In such cases, I step in, and annihilate the planet. If the disease has been particularly pernicious, I annihilate the whole star system, and sometimes the whole galaxy. Bad behavior by a handful of powerful humans, on one world, depletes and destroys the creative spiritual energy of other planets, even uninhabited planets. As Shiva the Destroyer, I am the Ultimate Solution to the bad behavior of your selfish, small-minded, uninspiring, short-sighted global leaders. It is always the leaders of business and government who cause the most destruction. Murderers, even drug lords, never pile up dead bodies as quickly as the leaders of nations.”

The Invitation of Bea Seadottir

Jack it for me. Take of those pants and get comfortable. I am Bea Seadottir. An Icelandic girl, raised in France, and living in British Columbia, in the woods, in Canada. In the Meditation Centers of Roscoe Forthright, I teach oral sex. I teach fifty ways to suck, lick, kiss and caress miraculous erect cocks.

You. You, wherever you are, watching this video. If you are a boy. Take out your smooth, soft cock. And jack it for me. You are my novice. My initiate. My student. I will teach you a thing or two. I wish to see your soft flesh grow full. Full and hard. Ready to take into my mouth. Squeeze your cock. Stroke your cock. Slap that little fellow around. As you watch Master Roscoe pump me from behind. He loves to hold my soft fanny, and slap against me. He loves to bury his aching cock inside me tight, warm, eager vagina.

In other videos, on our website, you will see my mouth full of cock. Full of long, thick, eager, young cock. Imagine your cock is that cock. Imagine my mouth closed tight, closed tight around your cockhead. Feel the suction of my mouth around your cockhead. Imagine my tongue, making circles around your cockhead, while it is swollen, up full, held inside my mouth. Imagine your whole cock in my mouth, aching and tingling in my mouth.

Are you still jacking it? Are you still, full and hard for me? Do not stop. And, do not come. Do not gush your beautiful, delicious, load of sacred semen. Do not ejaculate, until I tell you to ejaculate. Hold it back. Wait for me. You will learn nothing at all, if you just whack it off. Practice self-control. Practice restraint. Savor each moment of pleasure. Make those moment last. Focus your mind on the intense pleasure of your full cockhead. Make the pleasure last longer, with self-control.

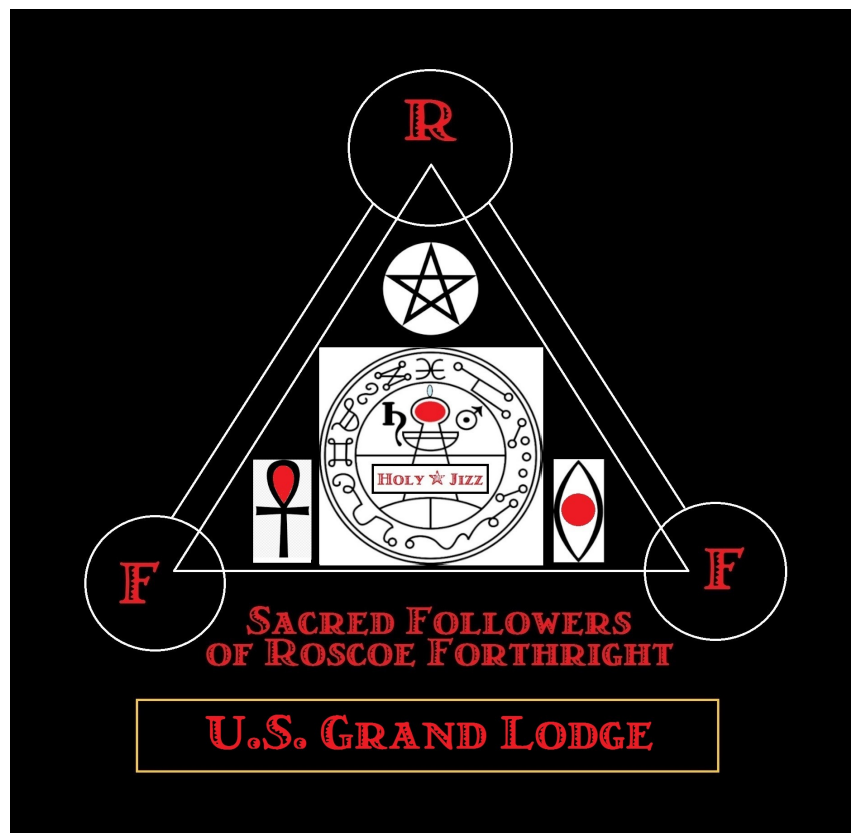
Now you are ready to see more of me. Watch Amber use her dildo on me. Watch Roscoe eat my pussy. Watch me spread my thighs over Roscoe's face. Watch me sit on his mouth, and hold his face snug into my wet, vaginal lips. That should give you some good ideas. Something to think about whenever you want to smile. Stroke your cock for me. Take your balls in your other hand and caress them. Keep yourself fully erect for me. That is what good students to. Good student get to come in my mouth.

Imagine more. Imagine your shaft, tight inside my pussy, pumping me from behind, just like Roscoe pumps me from behind.

Now imagine, I stand over your face, holding your head in my hands. Holding your mouth against my sweet-smelling, honey-tasting pussy lips. You can lick me as long as you wish to lick me. I will reach behind my fanny, and jack your cock with both of my hands as you lick me. Imagine all this. And jack it for me.

This is the truth. Using your imagination is the very first lesson in the sacred rites of Roscoe Forthright. Your imagination gets the job done. Even when there is no handy, friendly, human female in the room with you. You can bring them, fully into your mind. Even when no cheerful, happy, eager, beautiful, human female is in the room, to suck you off. Think about me. Watch this video. I will suck you off. In your imagination. If you come to our Meditation Centers, I may suck you off in person. That is one of my jobs as a teacher of spiritual boys. You will gush cream into my mouth. You will gush cream on my smiling face. You will gush another load of cream into my mouth. And, I will swallow your semen. I will swallow your cream, and lick every drop from your satisfied cock.

Now. Come for me. Ejaculate for me. Shoot cream for me. I love when you ejaculate for me. Welcome to the Meditation Centers of Roscoe Forthright.



Beautiful Sacred Jizz

Jizz, jizz, jizz, jizz, beautiful sacred jizz. Master Roscoe allows us to use our naked, aroused sexual orgasms to worship the One-Ness. To worship the Grand Artificer of the Universe, to worship the ancient gods, the Lords of the Watchtowers, in the East, in the South, in the West and in the North. We worship the Creator and the Elementals made by the Creator. ~ All this, we worship with sacred jizz and the holy vaginal fluid. The nectar of the lotus. The liquid light kisses the diamond wand, the diamond wand held tight in the sacramental chalice. The cock in the mouth, the cock in the vagina. The vagina puffy and wet, the cock tingling, spurting holy cream. Jizz, jizz, beautiful sacred jizz. ~ All this, we worship with sacred jizz and the holy vaginal fluid. The nectar of the lotus. The liquid light kisses the diamond wand, the diamond wand held tight in the sacramental chalice. The cock in the mouth, the cock in the vagina. The vagina puffy and wet, the cock tingling, spurting holy cream. Jizz, jizz, beautiful sacred jizz. Jizz, jizz, jizz, beautiful sacred jizz.

Master Roscoe opens a door to the infinite. Opens the door. Master Roscoe reminds us of the failures of past centuries, and encourages us to grow a pair of balls, to grow a pair, and invent new ways of life, ways of life not chained, gagged and made worthless by the dogma of people long dead. Jizz, jizz, jizz, beautiful sacred jizz.

Master Roscoe jacks it with us. We watch his sacred ejaculate splash the faces of beautiful women. We watch his sacred ejaculate burst upon their tongues. We watch his sacred ejaculate gush upon their erect nipples. Master Roscoe jacks it with us. And we orgasm with him. The combined orgasmic joy of 598 sacred followers raises the spiritual awareness of all humankind. Jizz, jizz, jizz, beautiful sacred jizz. Master Roscoe jacks it with us.

We love to see The Master's sacred ejaculate. The holy, white cream. The salty seed of holiness. Watch The Master's powerful hand squeeze and stroke the holy scepter. We see the Master's cock-head swell full, as he releases the sacred ejaculate.

Worship the cock-head and the sacred ejaculate. Worship the One-ness. Worship the cock. We masturbate with the Master, we masturbate for world peace. Jizz, jizz, jizz, beautiful sacred jizz.

Master Roscoe jacks it with us.

Let us come together. Let us come with each other. I will accept nothing less than Eternal Truth. I will accept nothing less than Free Will, nothing less than a life of joy, love, kindness and creation. I accept only the One-ness.

We masturbate with the Master, we masturbate for world peace. Jizz, jizz, jizz, beautiful sacred jizz.

Master Roscoe jacks it with us.

Let us come together. Let us come with each other. 490 vaginae, and 108 erections orgasm at the same time. The orgasms of the Sacred Followers of Roscoe Forthright reach across all humankind, across all nations, across all man-made evil, the evil of aggressive religions, the evil of aggressive leaders of nations, the evil of greed made mandatory by economic slavery.

We masturbate with the Master, we masturbate for world peace. Jizz, jizz, jizz, beautiful sacred jizz.

Master Roscoe jacks it with us.

I take the Master's semen into my mouth. I take the Master's holy ideas into my mind. I take my sacred life and my holy orgasms into my own hands. I allow no one to make me an economic slave. I allow no one to use my life, my mind, my energy nor my physical body to serve evil purposes, to serve the purposes of greed, of vanity, to serve the power of the self-obsessed.

I take the Master's semen into my mouth. And I swallow.
I swallow with immense joy, I swallow Free Will, the
Freedom of Speech, the Freedom of Action, the Freedom of
Human Joy made holy by personal choice, no longer a slave
to failed religions, and failed ideologies, and the people who
push failed religions and failed ideologies.

I am a free human being. I take the Master's semen into my
mouth. And I swallow. I swallow because I am a free human
being. I love the salty taste of Truth. I will accept nothing
less than Eternal Truth. I will accept nothing less than Free
Will, nothing less than a life of joy, love, kindness
and creation. I accept only the One-ness.

I take the Master's semen into my mouth. And I swallow.
I swallow because I am a free human being.
I love the salty taste of Truth.
I accept only the One-ness.

I accept only the One-ness.

Live Cam-Girl for Hikikomori

Has your aggressive, success-oriented money-making civilization destroyed
your psyche? Do you now stay home and talk to no one? Are you
Hikikomori-- in Japan, or in any aggressive, agenda-pushinng nation, like
the United States, Canada, UK, and much of the European Union?

I am Beth Darmstadt. I am here for you! My giant purple dildo is here for
you! I will get you off, live, on-line for free! I will watch your stroke your
cock for me, and I will masturbate with you-- precisely because your nation,
your leaders, your entire civilization has let you down, and abused you. All
this is their fault, not yours. Wherever you live, click onto our website,
RosoceForthright.com, and I will make you come, and I will come with
you, over and over again. I love to promote world peace.

I will slap my pussy for you, with my wet, tight pussy full with my purple dildo, my dildo plunging loud in and out of me. You can hear the suction of my pussy swallowing the dildo. You can hear me moan. I will moan for you. Specifically for you-- precisely because your civilization has fucked you over, and I believe that is one definition of Evil.

I am a moral girl. I believe in Free Will, Free Choice and Freedom of Action. I believe being fucked-over by your civilization is one of the worse things which occurs in our shiny, loud 21st Century. Because I am a moral girl, I want you to eat my pussy! I want you to spurt loads of semen on my face!

I want you hard cock plunging inside me, just like my dildo. I am here for you, because you deserve a break, a few joyful moments, moment when you can say: Fuck Off You Nasty Self-Righteous Bastards! You can tell your entire civilization to Fuck Off.

While you are aroused and gushing cream for me, the evil of your civilization does not matter. I am here for you. My big purple dildo is here for you. Sign-on and jack it for me! I want to see you jizz burst from your cock! I want you to imagine spraying your jizz in my mouth, my mouth tight around your cock. I want you to imagination spraying your jizz on my puffy pussy lips. I want you to imagine spraying your jizz on my smiling face. After you have imagined all these things, I will come with you. You can watch me come, come live on my high-res webcam. I will come with you on my webcam.

And I will enjoy seeing you stroke yourself for me. I will enjoy seeing your beautiful, creamy come.

From darkness I bring forth my vaginal joy.

From darkness I bring forth my love.
From darkness I bring forth my vaginal joy.
I bring forth my love and my vaginal joy,
for Master Roscoe Forthright.

My body is fully aroused for the Master.
My mind is fully aroused for the Master.
My spiritual being is fully aroused for the Master.
I offer my vaginal fluid and my orgasms,
and receive generous waves of joy,
and receive generous waves of pleasure.
From Roscoe Forthright I receive joy,
pleasure, practical advice and wisdom.

From darkness I bring forth my love.
From darkness I bring forth my vaginal joy.
I bring forth my love and my vaginal joy,
for Master Roscoe Forthright.

The Master holds my breasts in strong hands,
pulls my nipples erect, and kisses me,
as my vagina tingles slippery wet.
Weed eases the tense fiction of unholy people,
the people who wish to make me a slave.

Marilyn Monroe rides on my shoulder
to remind me of the absurd fiction,
which people call Western Civilization.
Our current civilization is a cluster-fuck
of lies perpetuated by people who wish
desperately to enslave us, to enslave
us all, all seven point six billion of us!
The handful of powerful people
consider the rest of us cattle.

To understand this, is to beginning of wisdom.
To understand this is the only way to preserve
free will, freedom of choice, and all freedoms
intelligent people require to live joyful lives.
We must understand the dangers,
before we can defend ourselves.

When the Master holds my breasts in strong hands,
pulls my nipples erect, and kisses me,
as my vagina tingles slippery wet,
I know dangers can be met,
defeated, and forgotten.

Eternal Truth exists.
Eternal Truth exist like the Rings of Saturn.
Evil and powerful people have no control
over the Rings of Saturn.
Evil and powerful people are noisy, and
will continue to tell ridiculous lies.

From darkness I rise into light,
my love, my joy, my orgasms,
practical advice and wisdom,
all lead me from darkness into light.
From darkness I bring forth my love.
From darkness I bring forth my vaginal joy.
I bring forth my love and my vaginal joy,
for Master Roscoe Forthright.

I take his holy semen into my mouth. And swallow.
I swallow because I am an intelligent woman,
with free will, freedom of choice,
and no patience for lies and fantasies,
and no patience for slave-owners.